COLLEGE
OF THE PACIFIC

WITHDRAWN

GIFT OF
Edna Iliff Briggs
Estate

Edna Cliff Briggs

London 1898.

Christmas

Holiday.

College of the Pacific
Stockton Calif.

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

917

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A.M.

VOL. XI.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, J. NICHOLS, R. BALDWIN, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON, A. STRAHAN, J. SEWELL, R. FAULDER, G. AND W. NICOL, T. PAYNE, G. AND J. ROBINSON, W. LOWNDES, G. WILKIE, J. MATHEWS, P. M'QUEEN, OGILVY AND SON, J. SCATCHERD, J. WALKER, VERNOR AND HOOD, R. LEA, DARTON AND HARVEY, J. NUNN, LACKINGTON AND CO. D. WALKER, CLARKE AND SON, G. KEARSLEY, C. LAW, J. WHITE, LONGMAN AND REES, CADELL JUN. AND DAVIES, J. BARKER, T. KAY, WYNNE AND CO. POTE AND CO. CARPENTER AND CO. W. MILLER, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, S. BAGSTER, T. HURST, T. BOOSEY, R. PHENEY, W. BAYNES, J. HARDING, R. H. EVANS, J. MAWMAN, AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

1802.

Edna I. Briggs
Estate
77611
JAN 28 '56
PR
1365
B86
v.11

S. HAMILTON, Printer,
Falcon-court, Fleet-street, London.

SPECTATOR.

N° 311——380.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XI.

No.

311. LETTER on Fortune-stealers ..... HUGHES
Remarks on them—on Widows ..... ADDISON

312. On Sorrow—Power of bearing Calamities—Letter on the Prayers of Clergymen before Sermon ..... STEELE

313. Comparative Advantages of public and private Education ..... BUDGELL

314. Letters from a Lover and Answer—from John Trott on his Courtship—Qualification of a Poet—encoring in the Theatres—female Education ..... STEELE

315. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON

316. Letters on Idleness—from a Lover ..... UNKNOWN

317. On waste of Time—Journal of a Citizen ADDISON

318. Amours of Escalus, an old Beau..... STEELE

319. Letters from Dorinda, complaining of the Spectator's Partiality—from a Man of Fashion ..... BUDGELL

320. Court of Inquisition on Maids and Bachelors—Letter from an Idler..... STEELE

321. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON

322. Letter from Octavia, complaining of the Ingratitude of her Husband..... STEELE

323. Clarinda's Journal of a Week ..... ADDISON

324. Account of the Mohock Club—Letter from a Countryman to his Mistress STEELE

No.
325. On Looking-glasses—Passage from Milton ..... BUDGELL
326. Letter on Fortune-hunters—Hints to a Lover—Causes of longing in Women STEELE
327. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
328. Letter from a Husband likely to be ruined by his Wife's Accomplishments... ———
328*. Correspondence of Gabriel Bullock and Mrs. M. Clark..... STEELE
329. Visit with Sir Roger de Coverley to Westminster Abbey ..... ADDISON
330. Letters on the Education of Youth ... STEELE
331. Dissertation on Beards ..... BUDGELL
332. Account of the Sweaters—Letter from three thrifty Ladies ..... STEELE
333. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
334. On Dancing ..... STEELE
Letter on the same Subject ..... WEAVER
335. Sir Roger de Coverley at the Theatre... ADDISON
336. On the unaccommodating Disposition of old Men—Impertinence of Shopping STEELE
337. Letter on Education ..... BUDGELL
338. Letter complaining of a merry Prologue to a deep Tragedy ..... STEELE
339. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
340. Character of Prince Eugene..... STEELE
341. Letter in Defence of merry Epilogues.. BUDGELL
342. Story of Hortensius and Sylvana..... STEELE
343. Transmigration of Souls—Letter from a Monkey ..... ADDISON
344. Epicure Mammon's Letter on Eating—on Women taking Snuff ..... STEELE

No.
345. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
346. On true Liberality ..... STEELE
347. Of the Mohocks—Manifesto of the Emperor ..... BUDGELL
348. Letter on Detraction ..... STEELE
349. Consolation and Intrepidity in Death ADDISON
350. Cruelty of a French Captain—Reflexions on Courage without Humanity ..... STEELE
351. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
352. On early Wickedness—Extract from Tillotson's Sermons ..... STEELE
353. Letter on Education ..... BUDGELL
354. Character of a Devotee—impudent Behaviour of People in the Streets ..... STEELE
355. Use to be made of Enemies ..... ADDISON
356. Contemplation of the Character of our Saviour ..... STEELE
357. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
358. Proper Ingredients of Festivity and Mirth ..... STEELE
359. History of Will Honeycomb's Amours BUDGELL
360. On Propriety in genteel Dress ..... STEELE
361. Letter on Cat-calls—History of them.. ADDISON
362. Letters in Commendation of Brooke and Hellier's Wine—from a Scholar in Love STEELE
363. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
364. Letter on Travelling ..... EARL OF HARDWICKE
From a new-married Couple—from a Prude ..... STEELE
365. Dangerous Influence of the Month of May ..... BUDGELL

No.
366. Inconsistencies in Love—Thoughts—Translation of a Lapland Love-song—on a Chambermaid's Perquisites.. STEELE
367. Various Advantages of the Spectators—Paper—Printing ..... ADDISON
368. Account of the Death of Madame de Villacerfe ..... STEELE
369. Criticism on Paradise Lost ..... ADDISON
370. On the Stage—Dancing recommended STEELE
371. Humorous Way of sorting Companies—for Mirth—for useful Purposes.... ADDISON
372. Letters in Commendation of Powell, the Puppet-showman—Club of the Parish Clerks—Lawyer's Club ..... STEELE
373. On Modesty and Assurance..... BUDGELL
374. On the proper Use of Time, Fragments from Cæsar ..... STEELE
375. History of Amanda..... ..... HUGHES
376. Letters, on a Partnership between a Goose and a Watchman; from a Schoolmistress on Dancing ..... STEELE
377. Bill of Mortality of Lovers..... ADDISON
378. The Messiah, a sacred Eclogue..... POPE
379. Duty of communicating Knowledge—Objections answered — Rosicrucius' Sepulchre ..... BUDGELL
380. Letters, requesting Advice in a Case of Love—on improper Behaviour at Church — coquettish Milk-maid—Virtue of an Orange Girl—St. Bride's Charity-school..... STEELE

THE SPECTATOR.

N° 311. TUESDAY, FEB. 26, 1711-12.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.

JUV. Sat. vi. 137.

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:
Who wou'd not do as much for such a dower?

DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM amazed that, among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us who commonly go by the name of the fortune-stealers. You must know, sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon

her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes, with a pair of silver-fringed gloves, in the very fact. You must know, sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink, for this twelve-month last past, and do not suffer a band-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wit's end, for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irishman, that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately dispatched a hue and cry after her to the 'Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young ladies that visit her; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes

by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,

TIM. WATCHWELL.'

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red

heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with a proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming to the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together; and taken his stand in a side-box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill success, Will, with his usual gaiety, tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the

town of six foot high that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid, who

> ' ———took his stand
> Upon a widow's * jointure land,'

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend. L.

* The name of the widow here alluded to was Tomson. See Grey's edit. of Hudibras, vol. i. part i. canto iii. p. 212 and 213.

N° 312. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1711-12.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porrò quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit?

TULL.

What duty, what praise, or what honour will he think worth enduring bodily pain for, who has persuaded himself that pain is the chief evil? Nay, to what ignominy, to what baseness, will he not stoop, to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the chief evil?

It is a very melancholy reflexion, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befal ourselves, great and lamentable when they befal other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight

of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspence of sorrow which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought shewed a good discerning in him. He took notice, that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellence in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having, in the service of mankind, a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases: when he has won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence, or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: but instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth, or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and, when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain. Without this the mind is, as it were, taken suddenly by an unforeseen event; but he that has always, during health and prosperity, been abstinent in his satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of difficulties, the reflexion, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. Tully tells us a story after Pompey, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Possidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: 'But you may,' answered Possidonius; and immediately entered into

the point of stoïcal philosophy, which says, pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, 'Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen in several of your papers a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in. As their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: we see they are omitted in the liturgy; which, I think, the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion *. There is

* In the original publication of this paper in folio, there was the following passage, left out when the papers were printed in volumes in 1712.

[Another expression which I take to be improper, is this, 'the whole race of mankind,' when they pray for all men; for race signifies lineage or descent; and if the race of mankind may be used for the present generation, (though, I think, not very fitly) the whole race takes in all from the beginning to the end of the world. I don't remember to have met with that expression, in their sense, any where but in the old version of Psalm xiv. which those men, I suppose, have but little esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all schools and nurseries of good learning and true religion, especially the

another expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words, " O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once ;" as if there was no difference between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant, as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for ; they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger if they did not make such petitions to him. There is another pretty fancy. When a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty, " Bless, as I am in duty bound to pray, the right honourable the countess ;" is not that as much as to say, " Bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain ?"

Your humble servant,

T. J. O.'

two universities, add these words, ' Grant that from them, and all other places dedicated to thy worship and service, may come forth such persons, &c.' But what do they mean by all other places ? It seems to me, that this is either a tautology, as being the same with all schools and nurseries before expressed, or else it runs too far ; for there are several places dedicated to the divine service, which cannot properly be intended here.] *Spectator in folio.*

N° 313. THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1711-12.

Exigite ut mores teneros seu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit———
JUV. Sat. vii. 237.

Bid him besides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect symmetry in ev'ry part.
CH. DRYDEN.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

* * * *

'SIR,

'I SEND you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, "Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?"

'As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

'It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the Life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

'On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

'A private education promises, in the first place, virtue and good breeding; a public school, manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

'Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses, that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides: "If," says he, "I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad." However, as this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end, he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house: to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

'It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary; but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved, by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

'One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and mates himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. Osborne, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to cauſon, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for natters of greater importance.

'In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic, the latter a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

'It must, however, be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

'In our great schools, indeed, this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon

them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad at this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's grey pad. I scorned to compound for my faults by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

'I shall give you, under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain. The severity of the master* was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who sat next to him bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault

* Busby,

on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth who had torn the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other, who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well that he was in a short time made a judge under the protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Groves in the West. I suppose, sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster-scholar? By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and without saying any thing more at that time, made the best of his way to London, where, employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

'The gentleman whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it*.' X.

* The gentleman here alluded to was colonel Wake, father to Dr. Wake, bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards archbishop of

N° 314. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1711-12.

Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.

HOR. 1 Od. xxiii. 11.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.
CREECH.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Feb. 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home, she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion: but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for œconomy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

MR. SPECTATOR,
Your humble servant,
BOB HARMLESS.'

Canterbury. As Penruddock in the course of the trial takes occasion to say, 'he sees judge Nicholas on the bench,' it is most likely that he was the judge of the assize, who tried this cavalier.

If this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say, he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a further account of himself, the young lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

THE SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the request in Mr. Trot's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trot has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides, his style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement, until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly* spelt.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I SHALL ever own myself your obliged humble servant, for the advice you gave me concerning my dancing; which, unluckily, came too late: for as I said, I would not leave off capering until I had your opinion of the matter. I was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter. He told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said, that for the future he would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is confined to her chamber, and for my part, I am ready to

* In the original publication in folio, it is printed 'wrightly,' the mis-spelt word, probably, in Mr. Trot's letter.

hang myself with the thoughts that I have danced myself out of favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your advice to put me in a right way to cheat the old dragon and obtain my mistress. I am once more,

SIR,

York, Feb. 23, 1711-12. Your obliged humble servant,

JOHN TROT.

'Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.'

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste.

THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR, Feb. 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

N. B.'

To be a very well-bred man.

THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that Nicolini refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particu-

larly pleased with a song, at their crying out "Encore," or "*Altro Volto*," the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time Hydaspes was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out "*Altro Volto*," in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good accent, considering that was but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed, without being killed any more that night. Now, sir, pray consider that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicolini said to this cruel creature; besides, I have no ear for music; so that, during the long dispute between them, the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes. Why then have not I as much right to have a graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears, as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a-doing? Pray, sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry "*Altro Volto*," *Anglicè*, "Again, Again," for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
TOBY RENTFREE.[1]

'MR. SPECTATOR, Nov. 29.

'You must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you has had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex; but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappiness that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. Spectator, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation, as well as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education as well as that of your own, who, without your seasonable interposition, are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the dignity of your post as Spectator, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your advice in so critical a point, as is that of the education of young gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must farther tell you, sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue,

shall not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger, as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by publishing the following advertisement.

I am, SIR,

Your constant admirer,

M. W.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it, at the two Golden Balls, and much more convenient in every respect; where, besides the common instructions given to young gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole art of pastry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may enquire at the two Golden Balls on Mile-End-Green, near Stepney, where they will receive further satisfaction.

This is to give notice, that the Spectator has taken upon him to be visitant of all boarding-schools where young women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that visitants of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.

All lovers who write to the Spectator, are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of laziness or want of invention, and is true of not above two thousand women in the whole world: viz. 'She has in her all that is valuable in woman.' T.

N° 315. SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1711-12.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit———

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.
ROSCOMMON.

HORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely comformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture. The beauties, therefore,

which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book, consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience, and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively manner:

> 'Now had th' Almighty Father from above
> (From the pure empyrean, where he sits
> High thron'd above all height) bent down his eye,
> His own works and their works at once to view.
> About him all the sanctities of heaven
> Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd

Beatitude past utt'rance. On his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted love, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.'

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency:

'Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace.'

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute; nor shew how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting

the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave:

> ' No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
> The multitude of angels with a shout!
> (Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
> As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
> With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
> Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.'———

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world, and that shapeless unformed heap of materials which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the Limbo of Vanity, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or, as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole Art of Poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret, therefore, of heroic poetry is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have

happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. Ulysses's ship being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a shoal of water nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable when we are told, that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with such circumstances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the Æneid liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves, without so much as

the modern help of enchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the Limbo of Vanity, with his episode of Sin and Death, and some of the imaginary persons in his chaos. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the description of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of Circe, Polypheme, the Sirens, nay the whole Odyssey and Iliad, to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Aristotle observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface, or outmost wall of the universe, discovers at

last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature, that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as Milton calls it in his first book) with the ken of an angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun, which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, is the most conspicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced,

but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book:

> 'I saw when at his word the formless mass,
> This world's material mould, came to a heap:
> Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar
> Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
> Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
> Light shone, &c.'

In the following part of the speech he points out the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it:

> 'Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
> With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
> That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
> His day, &c.'

I must not conclude my reflexions upon this third book of Paradise Lost, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book. L.

Nº 316. MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1711-12.

Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.
VIRG. Ecl. i. 28.

Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'IF you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther incroachments of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it. Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands besides myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures; but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to

direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water enclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some channel it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

'When Scanderberg, prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten. Instead of hurrying away to tease a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trot for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight and repose.

'I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of

every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be lost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding. A faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

'To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified. To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality: unmindful that the present time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

'The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it; thus, it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent, which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor have there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part

of time; it is a report must be shunned as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature? All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca in his letters to Lucilius assures him, there was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and I remember Pliny in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates; "sometimes," says he, "I hunt: but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day."

'Thus, sir, you see, how many examples I recal to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hope of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a desirable character; whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and appli-

cation, which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

I am, SIR,
Your most obliged humble servant,
SAMUEL SLACK.'

CLYTANDER TO CLEONE.

' MADAM,

' PERMISSION to love you is all that I desire, to conquer all the difficulties those about you place in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being,

MADAM,
Your most devoted humble servant,
Z. CLYTANDER.'

N° 317. TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1711-12.

——*Fruges consumere nati.*
HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 27.
——Born to drink and eat.
CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few minutes before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit ' Let me then,' says he, ' go off the stage with your applause;' using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a

dramatic piece*. I could wish that men, while they are in health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them, whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or the buffoon, the satirist, or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave, and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it will redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England ate better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance

* *Vos valete et plaudite.*

and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen, who died a few days since. This honest man being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew shewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity *.

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

* This journal was, it may be, genuine, but certainly published here as a banter on a gentleman who was a member of a congregation of dissenters, commonly called Independents, where a Mr. Nesbit officiated at that time as minister. The curious may find information *satis superque*, concerning Mr. Nesbit, in John Dunton's account of his Life, Errors, and Opinions. The person who kept this insipid journal led just such a life as is described and ridiculed here, and was continually asking or quoting his pastor's opinion on every subject.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plumbs and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soaled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand visier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. to be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter

dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the grand visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the grand visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine the next morning.

THURSDAY, nine o'clock. Staid within until two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the grand visier.

Saturday. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand visier certainly dead.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements; and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secresy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One day would rectify the omissions of ano-

ther, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

N° 318. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1711-12.

——non omnia possumus omnes.

VIRG. Ecl. viii. 63.

With different talents form'd, we variously excel *.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A CERTAIN vice, which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed, that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect. In like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that has not only been amorous, and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of grey hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and is

* This motto is likewise prefixed to Spectator, No. 404. The original motto to this paper in folio was,

'*Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.*'

HOR.

'Lascivious age might better play the fool.'

perfectly well-bred; but, from the fashion and manners of the court when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time Isabella, for so we shall call our heroine, saw his passion, and rejoiced in it, as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good-humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, Escalus had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her actions, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many approaches towards happiness with the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when Escalus, from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer for his behaviour towards her, and that he hoped she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the emotions

of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such, for some months, had been the language of Escalus both in his talk and his letters to Isabella, who returned all the profusion of kind things which had been the collection of fifty years, with "I must not hear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;" and the like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence. Isabella therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little farther, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded in the following manner. The next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time of life which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head, with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great pleasantry to Isabella and her spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself enough to form the following letter:

" MADAM,

" WHAT happened the other day gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are denied, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in attempting a woman of honour. I own to you, is was not without the most violent struggle that I gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge, I could not have prevailed but by flight. However, madam, I beg that you will believe a moment's weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

I am, MADAM,

Your most devoted humble servant.'

' Isabella, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer:

" SIR,

" I CANNOT but account myself a very happy woman, in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most reasonable men lose all their reason,

you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into your head to imagine, that I knew my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me, and coquet it any where else, may your mistress yield.

T. ISABELLA."

N° 319. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1711-12.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 90.

Say while they change on thus, what chains can bind
These varying forms, this Proteus of the mind?

FRANCIS.

I HAVE endeavoured in the course of my papers to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neuter between both sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell; but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I ALWAYS make one among a company of young females, who peruse your speculations every morning. I am at present commissioned by our whole assembly, to let you know, that we fear you are a little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must however acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us our revenge on the men, and done us justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several strokes in the dissection of the coquette's heart, if you had not, much about the same time, made a sacrifice to us of a beau's scull.

'You may further, sir, please to remember, that not long since you attacked our hoods and commodes in such a manner, as, to use your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to show our heads. We must therefore beg leave to represent to you, that we are in hopes, if you will please to make a due enquiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that part than ourselves. The different forms of their wigs, together with the various cocks of their hats, all flatter us in this opinion.

'I had an humble servant last summer, who the first time he declared himself was in a full-bottomed wig; but the day after, to my no small surprise, he accosted me in a thin natural one. I received him, at this our second interview, as a perfect stranger, but was extremely confounded when his speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my memory for the future; but as I was walking in the park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of those wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards played a

a couple of black riding wigs upon me with the same success, and, in short, assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

'I observed afterwards, that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

'Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must no doubt, sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows have, for several months last past, taken upon them to wear feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may with as much justice be called Indian princes, as you have styled a woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that you will in due time take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

'We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who, after having refused several good estates, and two titles, was lured from us last week by a mixed feather.

'I am ordered to present you with the respects of our whole company, and am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

DORINDA.

'NOTE. The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an errant linen-draper*.'

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather: however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female corre-

* Only an ensign in the train-bands. Spect. in folio.

spondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

' SIR,

' I PRESUME I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, " Mr. Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;" by which we understand, that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand, " whether we will have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke?" I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which when I saw the town come readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the scallap flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

' A few months after I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned surtout before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

' I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat; and have al-

ready begun with a *coup d'essai* upon the sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

'I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage, or at least to connive at me, that it is my design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month as shall surprise the whole town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the particulars of my intended dress; but will only tell you, as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at White's in a cherry-coloured hat. I took this hint from the ladies' hoods, which I look upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years last past.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient,
Most humble servant,
WILL SPRIGHTLY.'

I have not time at present to make any reflections on this letter; but must not however omit, that having shown it to Will Honeycomb, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it.

X*.

* This last paragraph was not in the original publication in folio.

N° 320. FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1711-12.

——————non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adest, non illi gratia lecto:
Eumenides stravere torum——————

OVID. Met. vi. 428.

Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preside,
Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride;
But fiends with fun'ral brands the process led,
And furies waited at the genial bed *.

CROXAL.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' You have given many hints in your papers to the disadvantage of persons of your own sex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have published the term " Male Coquets," and been very severe upon such as give themselves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing fast and loose between love and indifference, until perhaps an easy young girl is reduced to sighs, dreams, and tears, and languishes away her life for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who are irresolute in marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the information I now give you of a certain set of women who never coquet for the matter, but, with a high hand, marry whom they please to whom

* The motto to this paper in the original publication in folio, was,

' *Hæ sunt quæ tenui sudant in Cyclade.*' JUV.

' How hard they labour in their little sphere.'

they please. As for my part I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, to which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give directions for two or three handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine clothes; but before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young gentleman who is often in my company, he told me smiling, I was in the inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a description of my person, from the tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. Spectator, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me, there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a week, under the title of "The Inquisition on Maids and Bachelors." It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessaries, or be put into the inquisition by the first tradesman he employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers, and china-houses. From these several places these undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence as the funeral-men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection; and my friend produced to

me a report given in to their board, wherein an old uncle of mine, who came to town with me, and myself were inserted, and we stood thus: the uncle smoky, rotten, poor; the nephew raw, but no fool; sound at present, very rich. My information did not end here; but my friend's advices are so good, that he could shew me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me; which I inclose to you:

" MADAM,

" THIS is to let you know, that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on Thursday, six in the evening. Be at the park. You cannot but know a virgin fop; they have a mind to look saucy, but are out of countenance. The board has denied him to several good families. I wish you joy.

CORINNA."

What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable is, that, as I find by the report from my censor of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice, and be subject to the power of the inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take, is to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and

whisperers, with some domestic of the bachelor (who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him), what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities, or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect to contribute to the main enquiry, what estate he has in him. When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is to make all places uneasy to him, but the scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle companions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into the conspiracy against him. Then this matter is not laid in so bare-faced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper wife; but, by the force of their correspondence, they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said of the marriage of the dwarfs) as impracticable to have any woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in Adam to have refused Eve. The man named by the commission for Mrs. Such-a-one shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissensions between the dearest friends, nay, make father and son irreconcileable enemies, in spite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's choosing one whom they allot, they can with very much art insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, until the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which he

every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past: but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination; the one by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but the inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young; of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary; and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he, or any other private person whatsoever.

'SIR, Temple, March 3, 1711.

'YOUR speculation this day on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflexions on my having loi-

tered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened, by the arguments of Mr. Slack, out of the senseless stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confessions, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am with great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

T. N. B.'

N° 321. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1711-12.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 99.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It must affect and captivate the soul.

Those who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The Paradise Lost is looked upon, by the best judges, as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my first six papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The first three books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out those only which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the Odyssey, the Iliad, and the Æneid, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this

subject after me, may find several beauties in Milton, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another, as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may conclude the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the description of Eden, Paradise, Adam's Bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe, that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are justly censured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length—the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it

in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head without further observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are the actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers; so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always 'paradisaical.'

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book, Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man in his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble:

> 'O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god

Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.'

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise; his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve; together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the Iliad, where two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.

His planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an ac-

count of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character:

> 'Know ye not then,' said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
> 'Know ye not me! Ye knew me once no mate
> For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
> Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
> The lowest of your throng———.'

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination:

> 'O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
> Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
> Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
> And with them comes a third of regal port,
> But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
> And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell:
> Not likely to part hence without contest;
> Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.'

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord, celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds:

> 'While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
> Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, &c.
———On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd.———

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must, however, observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d Iliad.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the Iliad and Æneid, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above-mentioned, but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been

'weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting.'

I must here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the poet's device to make him descend, as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of Milton. The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round in Paradise is of another spirit:

> 'So saying, on he led his radiant files,
> Dazzling the moon;'

as that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The description of them, as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented:

> 'Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
> God-like erect, with native honour clad
> In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;
> And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
> The image of their glorious Maker shone,
> Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
> Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
> For contemplation he and valour form'd,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
> He for God only, she for God in him.
> His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
> Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad,
She, as a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dis-shevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.'

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise:

' ——When Adam first of men——
" Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all;——
But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve reply'd. " O thou, for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right,
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find," &c.

The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever.

These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most severe.

'That day I oft remember, when from sleep,' &c.

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines:

'So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love.————'

The poet adds, that the devil turn'd away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve, in particular,

is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired

I shall close my reflexions upon this book with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines:

> 'Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
> Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
> The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
> Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
> And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
> Maker omnipotent, and thou the day," &c.

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients, in beginning a speech without premising that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus. L.

N° 322. MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1711-12.

> ——*Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.*
> HOR. Ars Poet. v. 110.
>
> —Grief wrings her soul, and bends it down to earth.
> FRANCIS.

It is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, 'it is a very good one, if it be true:' but as for the following re-

lation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit, with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to show as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's person, or character, that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the mean time the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now

spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things, without any sense of time or place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit: I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of

the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and, with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow. However, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, That he could not then send me what I asked for; but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and, as he grew indifferent, I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months' cohabitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story: should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I can-

not make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life: but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company: ask him, how I, who could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage: what then do you think is my piercing affliction?——I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

T. OCTAVIA.'

N° 323. TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1711-12.

——Modò vir, modò fœmina.

VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman *.

THE journal with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the 'Rake's Journal,' the 'Sot's

* This motto, not to be found in Virgil, was probably quoted from memory, instead of the following lines:

—Et juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 448.

A man before, now to a woman chang'd.

Journal,' the 'Whoremaster's Journal,' and, among several others, a very curious piece, entitled, 'The Journal of a Mohock. By these instances, I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness, and aimed at those persons who passed away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require. She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it: but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years

last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by 'A Very Pretty Fellow.' As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write the very day after your SPECTATOR upon that subject.'

TUESDAY night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

WEDNESDAY. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the SPECTATOR.

From Eleven to one. At my toilette; tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed; paid a visit to old lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

THURSDAY. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted * to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play-bills.

* A term in the game of basset.

Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy of a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribbons. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one. Shut myself up in my chamber, practised lady Betty Modley's skuttle *.

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes ached and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old lady Love-day going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth

* A pace of affected precipitation.

a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear, that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eye-brow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig; bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out 'Ancora.' Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. Aurenzebe lay upon the chair by me.

Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs* to the dumb man, according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjurer† was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your Speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, excepting the working upon the violet-leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my life run away in a dream.

Your humble servant,

CLARINDA.'

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

* A huddled economy of dress so called.

† Duncan Campbell.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

L.

N° 324. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1711-12.

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes!
PERS. Sat. ii. 61.

O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground*!
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE materials you have collected together towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your SPECULATIONS, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world, to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men (if you will allow them a place in that species of being) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock-club, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of canibals in India, who subsist

* The motto prefixed to this paper in its original form *in folio*, was taken from Juvenal.

Sævis inter se convenit ursis.
Even bears with bears agree.

by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled 'Emperor of the Mohocks; and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrole. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup-d'éclat*. The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers; by running swords through their legs; a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office is to set women on their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they cannot but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spectator. In this manner

they carry on a war against mankind; and by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

'I must own, sir, these are only broken, incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late established, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless, scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them, that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth Speculation. They may there be taught to take warning from the club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was, to be hanged.

I am, SIR,

March the 10th, 1711-12. Your most humble servant, PHILANTHROPOS.'

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be, when it is shown in its simplicities; and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

'*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

'LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desires to become your servant*. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land,

* This letter was really conveyed, in the manner here mentioned, to a Mrs. Cole, the wife of a churlish attorney in or near Northampton, who would not suffer her to correspond with any body. It was written by a substantial freeholder in Northamptonshire, whose name was Gabriel Bullock, and given to Steele by his friend the ingenious antiquary Mr. Browne Willis. Mrs. Cantrell, niece to Mrs. Cole, fortunately remembered what was torn off from the letter by a child at play, so that it is given here entire on good authority. *P.*

'..... good matches amongst my neighbours. My mother, peace be with her soul! the good old gentlewoman, has left me good store of household linen of her own spinning, a chest full. If you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will pave the way to do well. Your loving servant till death, Mister Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.'

and a house; and there is never a yard land* in our field, but it is as well worth ten pounds a year as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good.....' The rest is torn off; and posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty; but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover. T.

N° 325. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1711-12.

——Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ, quam cernis, imaginis umbra est.
Nil habet ista sui: tecum venitque, manetque;
Tecum discedet; si tu discedere possis.

OVID. Metam. iii. 432.

[From the fable of NARCISSUS.]

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows;
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

ADDISON.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his

* A yard land [*virgata terræ*] in some counties contains 20 acres, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land.—*Les Termes de la Ley.* Ed. 1667.

passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them, with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it; but finding her resolved to look into the lid begged her, that, if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass; on which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire his choice.

Will, fancying that this story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and, applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed, in the translations of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden, in his Ovid, tells us of a swinging fellow, called Polypheme, that made use of the

sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, further informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies of Chili always dressed their heads over a bason of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before.

'SIR,

'I HAVE read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book, where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had she not been led off to a man? If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling-up of your paper.

Your humble servant,

R. T.'

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The

passage he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem:

'That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence hither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, and stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race" What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve!
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side,
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half!'—With that thy gentle hand

Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.'
So spake our general mother———

X.

N° 326. FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1711-12.

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:
Si non———

HOR. Lib. iii. Od. xvi. 1.

Of watchful dogs an odious ward
Right well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immur'd,
By mighty bars of steel secur'd,
Although by mortal rake-hells lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not———

FRANCIS, vol. ii. p. 77.

ADAPTED.

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

PADLOCK.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR correspondent's letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it, have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see, that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

'I am a country-gentleman of between five and six thousand a year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which

account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war; and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four keepers, who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner matrons and an old maiden relation whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden, of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that, in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by, reconnoitering (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But, to cut short my story, What can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which I have written to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman, of a public spirit, would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,'

'Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks up at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know, that, if he knocks at the door, he will be carried to the parlour fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

MARY COMFIT.

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.'

'DEAR SIR,

'I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expenses she has put me to, in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipages and furniture, and the like extrava-

gances. To trouble you only with a few of them; when she was with child of Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made her a present of a chariot and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer, unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time. This, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an Indian shop: these also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined: but by good fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity: and sometimes a partridge, or a quail, or a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green peas in April, or cherries in May. But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending 'twill make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a shade of my brown. In this, however, I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows

so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice, as if it were for himself, which the fellow did; and as soon as she came home, she fell to it with such an appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next sally will be I cannot guess: but, in the mean time, my request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable rovings of imagination by reason and argument, you'd speedily afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money; and I think in every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter; and am,

SIR,

Your most obliged and
most faithful humble servant,

T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next child will love horses as much as Molly does china-ware.'

T.

N° 327. SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1711-12.

—Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.
VIRG. Æn. vii. 43.

A larger scene of action is display'd.
DRYDEN.

We were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. Adam, upon his awaking, finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,

How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.'
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
'O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd——.'

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

'My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!

'Come, my beloved! let us go forth into the field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

'——Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,'

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines:

> 'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
> The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
> To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
> Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song: now reigns
> Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
> Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
> If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
> Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
> In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
> Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!'

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion:

> So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
> But silently a gentle tear let fall
> From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;

Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.'

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the poet gives of Raphael. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imagined. As Milton every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

'————Till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,

On golden hinges turning, as, by work
Divine, the sovereign Architect had fram'd.'

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th Iliad, as that in particular where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says, that he had made twenty tripods running on golden wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and, when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner. Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the tripods, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts; because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision:

'————Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of paternal * Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit————.'

* This epithet, to say the least, is superfluous, being essentially included in the very idea of Deity. If used in contra-distinction from filial, it is idolatrous, and repugnant to the doctrine established in the original records of Christianity. This is not noted here as a curious criticism, but as a very serious truth.

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in Homer, by something parallel in holy writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting Vulcan's tripods with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and English poets, have given a loose to their imaginations in the description of angels: but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy:

> ' ————Like Maia's son he stood,
> And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
> The circuit wide————.'

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels, his passing through the wilderness of sweets, his distant appearance to Adam, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments:

> ' So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
> She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
> What choice to choose for delicacy best,
> What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
> Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
> Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
> Bestirs her then,' &c.

Though in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and, at the same time, his submissive behaviour to the superior Being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn 'hail' which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his destruction: accordingly, he is represented as sitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of Paradise Lost from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the Æneid to begin in the second book of that poem. I could allege many reasons for my drawing the action of the Æneid rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in the second; and show why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an episode, according to the

common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichsoever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines:

> 'At length into the limits of the north
> They came, and Satan took his royal seat
> High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
> Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
> From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
> The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
> That structure in the dialect of men
> Interpreted)——.'

Homer mentions persons and things, which, he tells us, in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of scripture to justify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious

singularity. The zeal of the seraphim breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption:

'So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.'

L.

N° 328. MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.
HOR. Epod. xvii. 24.

Day chases night, and night the day,
But no relief to me convey.
DUNCOMBE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I believe that this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy, vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no

inordinate desires, and am married to a virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me a happy man. But, notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone by a sort of extravagance, which of late years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious, miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good breeding and polite education. She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needleworks of every kind. Hitherto, you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I have further explained myself, and then, I make no question, you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercises of those qualifications I just now mentioned; 'tis the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life is become the whole business and study of hers. The six months we are in town (for the year is equally divided between that and the country), from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters; and to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in

summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and, as they are all people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly. So how far these articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion; but, as she manages the matter, 'tis a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations' pictures in miniature: the first must be mounted by nobody but Colmar, and the other set by nobody but Charles Mather*. What follows is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you she is a great artist at her needle, 'tis incredible what sums she expends in embroidery; for, besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pin-cushions, and working aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window-curtains, easy chairs, and tabourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifery, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge, in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an hereditary book of receipts: for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifery, one of whom is made immortal, by giving her name to

* At the date of this paper, a noted toyman in Fleet-street.

an eye-water, and two sorts of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves, sere-cloths, powders, confects, cordials, ratafia, persico, orange-flower, and cherry-brandy, together with innumerable sorts of simple waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to my heart as that detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees, of whose juices they are chiefly compounded. They are loathsome to the taste, and pernicious to the health; and as they seldom survive the year, and then are thrown away, under a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertained all our visitors with the best burgundy and champaign. Coffee, chocolate, and green, imperial, peco, and bohea teas, seem to be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table are added, they swell the account higher than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her justice in one article; where her frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the merit of it, and that is in relation to her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman, who had been dry nurse to her grandmother. This is their residence all the year round; and, as they are never allowed to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any expence in apparel or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day would have neither read nor wrote, if it had not been for the butler, who, being the son of a country attorney, has taught her such a hand as is generally used for ingrossing bills in Chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower compass,

when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid these errors which have so unhappily mis-led mine, and which are visibly these three: First, in mistaking the proper objects of her esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, in not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, the abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family; but by a vicious extreme, are like to be the bane and destruction of it.' T.

N° 328*. MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.

PETRON. ARB.

Delighted with unaffected plainness.

THAT useful part of learning which consists in emendations, knowledge of different readings, and

* As many of our readers may be pleased to see, *in puris naturalibus*, the original paper in room of which the preceding number was very early substituted, and as this curiosity may now be inoffensively gratified, it is here faithfully reprinted from the copy in folio, in its order, marked as at first, No. 328*, only with the addition of an asterisk. It had the signature T. at the bottom; but see the desire annexed to the short letter in the following note, both which made the concluding part of No. 330 in the original publication of these papers in folio.

the like, is what in all ages persons extremely wise and learned have had in great veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following epistle, which lets us into the true author of the letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the honour to publish in a former paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical learning; but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from some professed patrons of learning, I could not but do myself the justice to shew I am not a stranger to such erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However, this is only to let the world see what I could do; and shall not give my reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the ostentation I shew at present.

'SIR, March 13, 1711-12.

'UPON reading your paper of yesterday, I took the pains to look out a copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last letter: comparing them, I found they were the very same; and have, underwritten, sent you that part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that posterity may know 'twas Gabriel Bullock that made love in that natural style of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you inclosed three copies, faithfully taken by my own hand from the originals, which were wrote by a Yorkshire gentleman of a good estate to madam Mary, and an uncle of hers, a knight very well known by the most ancient gentry in that and several other counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed the form and spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock,

the famous comedian, is the descendant of this Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock's great grandfather, on the body of the above-mentioned Mrs. Margaret Clark. As neither Speed, nor Baker, nor Selden, take notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in Italics.

I am, SIR,
Your daily Reader.'

'*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

'LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away; and now I am come to my living, which is ten yardland, and a house; and there is never a yardland * in our field but is as well worth ten pounds a year as a thief's worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are

* In some counties 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land. *Virgata Terræ.*

made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good *matches in our town; but my mother (God's peace be with her) charged me upon her death-bed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in the sowing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand jury-man ere two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So, hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and remain,*

Yours, if my own,

Swepston, Leicestershire.

Mr. Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.

'When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them myself*.'

For sir William to go to london at westminster remember a parlement.

'SIR,

'William, i hope that you are well. i write to let you know that i am in troubel about a lady your nease; and i do desire that you will be my friend; for when i did com to see her at your hall, i was mighty Abuesed. i would fain a see you at topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; but i desire that you will be our friends, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that i might see you, for they say that you are a good man; and many doth

* See No. 324, and note, where this letter is given imperfectly, and supplied otherwise.

wounder at it, but madam norton is abuesed and ceated two i believe. i might a had many a lady, but i con have none but her with a good consons, for there is a God that know our hearts. if you and madam norton will come to York, there I shill meet you if God be willing and if you be pleased. so be not angterie till you know the trutes of things.

' I give my to me lady, and to Mr. Aysenby, and to madam norton, March the 19th, 1706.'

' George Nelson.

' *This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she went to York.*

' MADAM MARY. Deare loving sweet lady, i hope you are well. Do not go to london, for they will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mrs. Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and ceat you. go from to another place, and we will gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to you, for if they gate you to london they will keep you there; and so let us gate wed, and we will both go. so if you go to london, you rueing yourself. so heed not what none of them saith to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. i will do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the devill will faile them all, for a hellish company there be. from there cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless and deliver both you and me.

' I think to be at York the 24 day.'

' *This is for madam mary norton to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.*

' MADAM MARY, i hope you are well. i am soary that you went away from York. deare loving sweet lady, i writt to let you know that i do remain faithfull; and if can let me know where i

can meet you, i will wed you, and i will do any thing to my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a loving Misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you will come to york i will wed you. so with speed come, and i will have none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with speed come; heed not what none of them say to you; your Maid makes you believe ought.

So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with speed; i sent 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from home, for in york and round about she is known; to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor soul is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

'March 19th, 1706 *.'

* In a MS. written by Dr. Birch, now before the annotator, it is said, that an original number of the Spectator in folio was withdrawn at the time of its republication in volumes, on the remonstrance of a family who conceived themselves injured by its appearance in print. It was, most probably, this very paper.

The following short letter, with the desire annexed to it, are subjoined to No. 330 in the original publication of the Spectator in folio: as they evidently relate to this paper, which was suppressed very soon after its original date, they are here reprinted for the first time.

'MR. SPECTATOR, March 18, 1711-12.

'The ostentation you shewed yesterday [March 17] would have been pardonable, had you provided better for the two extremities of your paper, and placed in the one the letter R, in the other,

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.

A word to the wise.

I am your most humble servant,

T. TRASH.'

According to the emendation of the above correspondent, the reader is desired, in the paper of the 17th, to read R for T.

N° 329. TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1711-12.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster-abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good: upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the

way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried 'Sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man: he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and,

looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; 'Some whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger: 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise,

had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight shew such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

N°330. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1711-12.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia———

JUV. Sat. xiv. 47.

To youth the greatest reverence is due.

THE following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

'SIR,

'I HAVE long expected that, in the course of your observations upon the several parts of human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the

liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is, the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance, and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you a history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

'I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother, in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200*l.* a year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable), that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an inn of court, with a resolution

to study the law with all possible application. I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine; who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the county; and the great obligation I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and, though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew what great charities are to be done without expence, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency, in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal

of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession: others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons; but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

S. P.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school, as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep, and I dream two or three nights in a week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what,

in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book now and then, that he don't know of. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace t' other day, and he told me in a passion he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my master gives orders for. All the boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors *in usum delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and, not knowing his temper may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do any thing for their children, if they would but mind their learning: I would be glad to be in their place. Dear sir, pardon my boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

London,
March 2, 1711.

Your humble servant,
JAMES DISCIPULUS.'

T.

N° 331. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1712.

——Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.
PERS. Sat. ii. 28.

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

When I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster-abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? 'For my part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and, at the same time, looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings.' The knight added, 'if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning, he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.'

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the

philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned, which have been permitted him of late years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned, if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

> 'His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tile,
> A sudden view it would beguile:
> The upper part thereof was whey,
> The nether orange mixt with grey.'

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours,

and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard of the tapestry size, which Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion.

N. B. I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper. X.

N° 332. FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1712.

——Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum——

HOR. 1 Sat. iii. 29.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age.
CREECH.

'DEAR SHORT FACE,

'IN your speculation of Wednesday last, you have given us some account of that worthy society of brutes the Mohocks; wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dancing-masters, and the tumblers: but as you acknowledged you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a

dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and, holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back first, runs his sword directly into that part of the patient whereon schoolboys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine, who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty and the whole ring; though I dare say neither I, nor any of his acquaintance, ever dreamt he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself. Going the other night along Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried out to each other, "A sweat! a sweat!" Whereupon, suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the

bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again towards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night-walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble servant,

JACK LIGHTFOOT.

'P. S. My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokesman Mr. Sprightly, yet

it is his real opinion, that some of those fellows who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned bagnio, have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

'I had sent this four-and-twenty hours sooner, if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word bagnio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief: at last, having recourse both to the bagnio in Newgate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and finding the original manuscripts upon the sign-posts of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of satisfaction, in order to dispatch this epistle.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into your consideration, we the underwritten thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvement we make is by reading. We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the good company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read: at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and

wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate, with finer-bred women, you shall have further notice from,

SIR,

Your courteous readers,

MARTHA BUSIE.
DEBORAH THRIFTY.
ALICE EARLY.'

T.

N° 333. SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1711-12.

——vocat in certamina divos.
VIRG.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

We are now entering upon the sixth book of Paradise Lost, in which the poet describes the battle of the angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus, where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem:

' ——Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference:

' O prince! O chief of many throned powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n; and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low.
But see! the angry victor has recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n. The sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.'

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second:

' What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds——'

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the Power, who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book:

' Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd, " I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King, tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,

Confusion worse confounded; and heaven's gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing———"

It required great pregnancy of invention, and strength of imagination, to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and at the same time an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the Iliad. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders, which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance, amidst the roarings of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to ascribe the first

use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it enters very properly into the thoughts of that being, who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants' war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants' war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage which Longinus has celebrated for its sublimeness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (εἰνοσίφυλλον), which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a greater beauty in his singling out by names these three remarkable mountains so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with,

Claudian, in his fragment upon the giants' war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas savour more of the burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great image:

> 'From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
> Uplifting bore them in their hands.'

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper.

Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes of the sixth book of Paradise Lost, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havock among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God:

> 'But the sword
> Of Michael from the armoury of God
> Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
> Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
> The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
> Descending, and in half cut sheer——'

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer:

> 'The griding sword with discontinuous wound
> Pass'd through him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd,

Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, (such as celestial spirits may bleed)
And all his armour stain'd————'

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that, though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but Milton, in his description of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the Iliad; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily observe how Milton has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it:

' ————Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing————'

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel, who, as Grotius observes, has very much in

him of Homer's spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines, in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the psalms:

> 'Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might!
> Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
> That take heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,
> My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms
> Gird on, and sword on thy puissant thigh.'

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer, before he entered into this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads; while Neptune raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling

of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

> 'All heav'n resounded; and had earth been then,
> All earth had to its centre shook———'

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

> '———Under his burning wheels
> The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
> All but the throne itself of God———'

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himself is able to describe:

> 'Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
> His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
> Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.'

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he has given it certain resting-places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time; several speeches, reflexions, similitudes, and the like reliefs, being interspersed to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader. L.

Nº 334. MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1711-12.

——————Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.

CIC. de Gestu.

You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his way; and you have said that fastidious men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

It is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shows the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture, and aspect) is natural to some men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite

another view; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man, with those beautiful features, and a well-fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like children, to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world; in like manner the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen Booth, in the character of Pyrrhus, march to his throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but, perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation were he a dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the author of the following letter has treated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have

heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' SINCE there are scarce any of the arts and sciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical part, have been made public, to the great advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences; why should dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in so extraordinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and left destitute of any pen to recommend its various excellencies and substantial merit to mankind?

' The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic. As Terence, in one of his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from his play; so we may well say, that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of, just and regular dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should come to its assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing errors that have crept into it, and overcast its real beauties; and, to see dancing in its true light, would show the usefulness and elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental rules, that might so tend to the improvement of its professors, and information of the spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to relieve dancing from the disadvantages it at present lies under, I, who teach to dance *, have attempted a small treatise as an Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have inquired into its antiquity, origin, and use, and shown what esteem the ancients had for it. I have likewise considered the nature and perfection of all its several parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a qualification and an exercise; and endeavoured to answer all objections that have been maliciously raised against it. I have proceeded to give an account of the particular dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular notice of that part of dancing relating to the ancient stage, in which the pantomimes had so great a share. Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprising art; after which I have advanced some observations on modern dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of it so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For, if we consider the origin of arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations.

* An Essay towards an History of Dancing, &c. By John Weaver, 12mo. 1712.

But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammers should have given the first rise to music? Yet Macrobius in his second book relates, that Pythagoras, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonant: as, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called diapason, or an eighth: the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts?

'Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declared yourself visitor of dancing-schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to

have your approbation, in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom, as visitor, you ought to be guardian.

Salop, March 10, 1711-12. I am, SIR, Your most humble servant.'

N° 335. TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1711-12.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR. Ars Poet. 327.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.
FRANCIS.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy* with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was The Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distrest mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I

* The Distrest Mother.

assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that 'if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk *. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the

* In 1692. Gentlemen wore about this time a kind of neck-cloth called a Steenkirk, probably from its being taken notice of first at this battle. In like manner, and for a similar reason, a wig was called Ramillies, being introduced, or having become fashionable, about the time of that battle, in 1706.

butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left-hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me, that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, 'You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if

you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, 'These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost.' He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time. 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old

fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralise (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man. L.

N° 336. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1712.

——Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 29.

IMITATED.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

POPE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to generation, which grey hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support: I hope your spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection; I mean old men's overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority; so that for a young man in the bloom of life, and vigour of age, to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as reversing the decrees of nature. I am a young

man, I confess; yet I honour the grey head as much as any one: however, when, in company with old men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride, or interest, will sometimes throw the wisest), I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings, unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest arguments are enervated, and the brightest evidence disappears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling discoveries of venerable old age. 'You are young giddy-headed fellows; you have not yet had experience of the world.' Thus we young folks find our ambition cramped, and our laziness indulged; since while young we have little room to display ourselves; and, when old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, sir, as you would enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave Elihu's sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers.'

"So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram. Against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no an-

swer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I said, days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me, I also will show mine opinion. Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you. And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his words; lest you should say, We have found out wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words against me: neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed: they answered no more; they left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my part; I also will show mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For I know not to give flattering titles: in so doing my Maker would soon take me away."

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE formerly read with great satisfaction your paper about idols, and the behaviour of gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women offi-

ciate; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration: but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure, at this present writing. I am, dear, sir, one of the top China-women about town; and, though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company, as any over this end of the town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who, under pretence of taking their innocent rambles forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to cheapen tea, or buy a skreen. What else should they mean? as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a bason, a third for my best green-tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered, so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins, that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord, what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for, though I am not possessed by them

myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shop-keepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours gratis. A young son of mine, a school-boy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances.

I am, SIR,
Your constant reader,
March the 22d. and very humble servant,
REBECCA *the distressed.*

T.

No 337. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1712.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques———

HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 63.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.
CREECH.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

'SIR,

'IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged

in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole, it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

'I intended, therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue as they advance in letters.

'I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences; but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

'There must be great care taken how the example of any particular persons is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty part of it with an eye of admiration.

'I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action

as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lysimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phœnix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

'To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked, once or twice a week, to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him by his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus, or Æneas; show wherein they excelled, or were defective; censure or approve any particular action; observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praise-worthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

'Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve Horace's way of setting before youth the infamous or ho-

nourable characters of their contemporaries. That poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. "If," says Horace, "my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me; 'Do you not see,' says he, 'the miserable condition of Burrus, and the son of Albus? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance.' If he would inspire me with an abhorrence to debauchery, 'Do not,' says he, 'make yourself like Sectanus, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures. How scandalous,' says he, 'is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife'!" To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that the neighbours die all about him; so youth is often frighted from vice, by hearing the ill report it brings upon others.

'Xenophon's schools of equity, in his Life of Cyrus the Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude; and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of the long and short coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as a case equally known with any in Littleton.

'The method which Apuleius tells us the Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow: "When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising: some of them answer, that, having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have composed their differences, and made them friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner."

'It is not impossible, that from these several ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

'The archbishop of Cambray makes Telemachus say, that, though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friends' secrets. "When my father," says the prince, "went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and, after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca, 'O my friends,' says he, 'into your hands I commit the education of my son: if ever you loved his father, show it in your care towards him; but, above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a

secret.' These words of my father," says Telemachus, " were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion." He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father's rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

' I have heard of a good man, who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence apiece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed, or commended, as he could make it appear he had chosen a fit object.

' In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke, that a man must have a very strange value for words, when, preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin.

' As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation, or

reading, and which you may either suppress or publish, as you think fit.

I am, SIR,

X. Yours, &c.'

N° 338. FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1712.

———Nil fuit unquam
*Tam dispar sibi.———**

HOR. 1. Sat. iii. 18.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

I FIND the tragedy of The Distrest Mother is published to-day. The author of the prologue †, I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of 'being dull with design;' and the gentleman who writ the epilogue ‡ has, to my knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

* The original motto to this paper, at its first publication in folio, was likewise from Horace:

———Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

HOR. A. P.

† Steele was the author of the prologue to The Distrest Mother. The excuse alludes to a passage at the end of Tat. N° 38.

‡ The author of the epilogue to the play of A. Phillips, called The Distrest Mother, first published in 1712, was Mr. Eustace Budgell.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAD the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend Sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have, in a late paper or two, so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situation fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play as pure nature suggested, and from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment: though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well written, but having paid down my half-crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and cannot endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat the other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no more than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that, after all the tragical doings, every thing was safe and well, I do not

know. But for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch, and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could, at an extremity, have ventured to defend yourself and Sir Roger against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I cannot so well tell. For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue it was so jumbled together, and divided between jest and earnest, that, if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motly spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that at the same time laughs on one side and cries on the other. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy

thoughts about them: for who knows the consequence of this? We are much obliged, indeed, to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But if that be all, pray, good sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some information of this matter is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: for, a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced, in their farewell voluntaries, a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church-services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place and business, and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief. When the preacher has often, with great piety, and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been, all in a moment, dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce: but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorrain * has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and

* Paul Lorrain was the ordinary of Newgate at this time, which place he held for many years: he died October 7, 1719. In his accounts of the convicts executed at Tyburn, P. Lorrain

that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

Your humble servant,

PHYSIBULUS.'

N° 339. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1712.

——Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, et rerum paullatim sumere formas.

VIRG. Ecl. vi. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas,
The earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose.

DRYDEN.

Longinus has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions very often want the

generally represented them as true penitents, and dying very well, after having lived for the most part very ill: they are humorously styled Paul Lorrain's saints, in the Tatler, No. 63.

talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult, or agitation.

The critic above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular that, if he writes on poetical subjects, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days' works, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who are strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy

writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in Scripture which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shown his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those strains of eastern poetry which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind:

> 'And the great light of day yet wants to run
> Much of his race, though steep; suspense in heav'n
> Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
> And longer will delay to hear thee tell
> His generation,' &c.

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, goes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets! 'And behold there came four chariots

out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass:'

' About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on the Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving———'

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven; and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the Hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation:

' On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasureable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
" Silence, ye troubled waves; and, thou deep, peace!"
Said then th' omnific Word, " Your discord end:"
Nor staid, but, on the wings of cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels; and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!"

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses, in the above-mentioned passage, appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him whom Plato somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation, formed after the same manner, in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and, in another place, as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble

thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:

> ' An earth self-balanced on her centre hung.'

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

> ' ————Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
> Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
> By the celestial choirs, when orient light
> Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
> Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout
> The hollow universal orb they fill'd.'

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made:

> ' Immediately the mountains huge appear
> Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
> Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
> So high as heav'n the tumid hills, so low
> Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
> Capacious bed of waters————'

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day:

> ' First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
> Regent of day, and all the horizon round
> Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
> His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray
> Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
> Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
> But opposite in level'd west was set
> His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
> From him, for other lights she needed none
> In that aspect, and still the distance keeps
> Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
> Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
> With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
> With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
> Spangling the hemisphere———'

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days' works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and, at the same time, so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author de-

scribes the great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence, when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

> ' So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
> Yet not till the Creator form'd his work
> Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
> Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;
> Thence to behold his new created world
> Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
> In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
> Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
> Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
> Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
> Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air
> Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
> The heavens and all the constellations rung,
> The planets in their station list'ning stood,
> While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
> " Open, ye everlasting gates!" they sung,
> " Open, ye heavens, your living doors! let in
> The great Creator from his work return'd
> Magnificent, his six days' work—a world!"

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title*. The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased

* Creation, a philosophical poem; demonstrating the existence and providence of God. In seven books By Sir Richard Blackmore, knt. M. D. and fellow of the college of physicians in London.

to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shown us that design in all the works of nature which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable instances, that divine wisdom which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that 'He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.' L.

N° 340. MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1712.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens! quàm forti pectore et armis!
VIRG. Æn. iv. 10.

What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war!

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour and consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that, whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at. He ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice, and integrity; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise

or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share. It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape, of him in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself.

Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth. I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the prince who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe. It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him. There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own circumstances, in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether

the peasant who showed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his highness and our late general. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect, mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator as not to have seen prince Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have written to me on that head; nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at Turin: but in general I can say that he who beholds him will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined, or executed, by the wit or force of man. The prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise; has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch: his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imaginable, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person, and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to

* He stood godfather to Steele's second son, who was named Eugene after this prince.

arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public, while with us, rather to return good-will, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence. A great soul is affected, in either case, no further than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The prince has wisdom, and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain-glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind, to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him. Thus, were you to see prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit. Should you be told that was prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into a familiar good-will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by

one man*; over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity. T.

N° 341. TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1712.

——*Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem*
Mittite——

VIRG. Æn. i. 206.

Resume your courage, and dismiss your fear.
DRYDEN.

HAVING, to oblige my correspondent Physibulus, printed his letter last Friday, in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentleman who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

'SIR,

'I am amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday's paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go off the stage the first night till she had repeated it twice; the second night the noise of *encora* was as loud as before, and she was obliged again to speak it twice; the third night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropped after the

* The duke of Marlborough, who was at this time turned out of all his public employments.

third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own, I am the more surprised to find this censure, in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows, that, on the British stage, they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

'The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield; and though the poet had left Andromache stone-dead upon the stage, as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoke a merry epilogue. We have an instance of this in a tragedy where there is not only a death, but a martyrdom. St. Catharine was there personated by Nell Gwin; she lies stone-dead upon the stage, but, upon those gentlemen's offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good epilogue:

> 'Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,
> I am to rise and speak the epilogue.'

'This diverting manner was always practised by Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue, or an epilogue. The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian,

The duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of this nature.

'I might further justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken, a few years since, after the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus*; with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shown, that it was not for want of good-will.

'I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play; since every one knows that nation, who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *petite pièce*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well pleased. The same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy very often plays the principal part in the *petite pièce*; so that I have myself seen, at Paris, Orestes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself, in a former speculation, found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have had already their full course.

'As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such an

* A tragedy by Mr. Edmund Neal, known by the name of Smith, 8vo. 1707. Addison wrote a prologue to this play when Italian operas were in vogue, to rally the vitiated taste of the town in preferring sound to sense. Prior wrote the epilogue here mentioned.

one, which, as the duke of Buckingham says in his Rehearsal, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess, I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing; but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If Physibulus is, however, resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and, when he has had his half-crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief Andromache had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half a score of the fiercest Mohocks in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an unhappy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and

descended to the poetical shades, in such an encounter.

'As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon, that I don't know what to make of it.

'The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

'As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

'He fetches his next thought from Tyburn; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorrain.

'In the mean time, sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas and monthly performances.

I am, SIR, with great respect,
Your most obedient, most humble servant,
X. PHILOMEDES.'

N° 342. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1712.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines; verecundiæ, non offendere.

TULL.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

As regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter, which describes an egregious offender.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS this day looking over your papers, and reading, in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence of her husband, it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is at present, I am sure, no way below your Asteria for conjugal affection: but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance, I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain is, the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. "Hortensius, an officer of good rank in his majesty's service, happened, in a certain part of England, to be brought to a country gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome with which men of domestic lives

entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered overbearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. Hortensius staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation, at some parts of the day, with the beautiful Sylvana, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which Hortensius was used to made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and, among the rest, you will think it not improbable it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as Sylvana would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that Hortensius knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without further questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's house. When that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity; or, rather, that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could show pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not, however, omit to admonish her, that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces, would

still become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, Hortensius added, that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as Hortensius departed, Sylvana saw in her looking-glass, that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her; and she was convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel, though bred in obscurity; so very witty, though never acquainted with court, or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world; but, without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband, by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all Hortensius is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life."

'Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office, to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can. You should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence, than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider, which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that of being less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father, or her husband. All she has to do in this world, is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. All these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable; where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition, on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? When we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition, as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of

those for whom they were born,) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children. T.

N° 343. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1712.

——Errat, et illinc
Hunc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus; eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster————

OVID. Metam. xv. 165.

————All things are but alter'd; nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.
DRYDEN.

Will Honeycomb, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls; and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycaut,' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise; and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them

though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us, that 'Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lapdogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and, upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

'The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,' says Will, 'whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.'

'MADAM,

'NOT having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself,

by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that, into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I should still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a dæmon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half-picked, for my encouragement; but, upon my being unsuc-

cessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

'In my next transmigration, I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not show my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

'My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water; and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

'I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard-street; and, remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great

diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock sparrow, that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

'I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes, I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow to whom you were then so cruel. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You

see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favour to

Your most devoted humble servant,

PUGG.

'P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for, as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.' L.

N° 344. FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1712.

——————In solo vivendi causa palato est.

JUV. Sat. xi. 11.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

CONGREVE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their acquainance. Such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some

days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen, who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, ate so immoderately for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I ate a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect, however, of this engagement, has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it had been stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions. It was then that I returned his mirth upon him with such success, as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame, and

a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I do not question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprises; which, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however, I cannot help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had been before dined), as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table who may have been unattentive enough not to have done justice to his character.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
EPICURE MAMMON.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE wrote to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into, of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me equally disagreeable. Mrs. Santer is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals: and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she

is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all the wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true: but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit, or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and, to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as the women who sit near her: but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevennight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige

Your humble servant.'

T.

N° 345. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1712.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est.——

OVID. Metam. i. 76.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.
DRYDEN.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connexion with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days' work. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring:

'So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve

Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose; and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd!'

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's inquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaïc and Copernican hypotheses are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in

holy writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days' work, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral:

> 'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,
> And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
> Than fruits of palm-trees (pleasantest to thirst
> And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
> Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
> Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
> Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

The other I shall mention is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

> 'For I that day was absent as befel,
> Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
> Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,
> Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
> To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
> Or enemy, while God was in his work,
> Lest he, incens'd at such irruption bold,
> Destruction with creation might have mix'd.'

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's sixth book, where Æneas and the sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut

upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

' ———Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.'

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the delightful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion!

' ————As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.'

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering, by the light of reason, that he, and every thing about him, must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the Sun, and to those

parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination:

> 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
> And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
> Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
> And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
> Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?'

His next sentiment, when, upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature.

They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of; though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively:

> '————Each bird and beast behold
> Approaching two and two, these cowring low
> With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
> I nam'd them as they pass'd————.'

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradise, and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornament, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem. The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and, at the same time, that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

> ' Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
> As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.
> ——I with leave of speech implor'd,
> And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
> " Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
> My Maker, be propitious while I speak," &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her is touched very finely:

> ' Under his forming hands a creature grew,
> Manlike, but diff'rent sex: so lovely fair,
> That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
> And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
> Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before;

And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.'

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of sentiments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his Fall of Man, he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflexion which Adam makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense!

'Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.

Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
——————When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discretest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded: wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shows:
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.'

These sentiments of love in our first parent gave the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befal the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem. His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise:

'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,

Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!'

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence. L.

N° 346. MONDAY, APRIL 7, 1712.

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longe antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium.

TULL.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who tickle the levity of the multitude with a kind of pleasure.

When we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which, when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for its basis and support, frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from convictions of reason, not from the impulse of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed

to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has, in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and is less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life: and, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who, in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings; bears a noble character, and does much more good to mankind than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support. For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'the highest fruit of wealth,' to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune. It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that, among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret as he

who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of 'Tom the Bounteous,' who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue, and said fifty instead of an hundred, because the man I pointed at was a whig. Actions of this kind are popular, without being invidious: for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man who has this known benignity in his nature as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests, but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of

the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending your benignity the farthest a man can possibly who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may, in all the occurrences of his life, have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown mercy. This benignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction: nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men would carry a man farther even to his profit than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner. 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliging man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable

of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune (provided always that he is a good and a modest man) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher so much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All, therefore, I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed, in York-Buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaffe.

T.

N° 347. TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1712.

Quis furor, o cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!
LUCAN. lib. i. 8.

What blind, detested fury, could afford
Such horrid licence to the barb'rous sword!

I DO not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts they have met with in our public papers, of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of Mohocks. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish is still fresh in most people's memories, though it afterwards appeared there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them 'the Mohocks will catch them,' it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers,

when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for the great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and manifesto, though, for particular reasons, I did not think fit to publish them till now.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

"SIR,

'FINDING that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world, we send you inclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

(Signed)

TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,

Emperor of the Mohocks.'

'*The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks.*

'WHEREAS we have received information, from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England, by

such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from those false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices, we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby farther give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expense, in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that it is not done by our order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person, so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good subjects, that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never tip the lion upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck one.

'That the sweat be never given but between the

hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view

'It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

'That the tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury-lane, and the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within the respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, housekeepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours, but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to a military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks; and we do further promise on

our imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

'Given from our court at the Devil-tavern,
'March 15, 1712.'

X.

N° 348. WEDNESDAY, APRIL, 9, 1712.

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?
HOR. 2. Sat. iii. 13.

To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly?

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and [illegible] of the town. Give me leave to tell you that, and am extremely discomposed when I hear detraction, and think it utter enemy to all [illegible] the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company, where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies,

and impertinences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means, innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praise worthy is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice and impotence. Jack Triplett came into my lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature"——he went on, "It is a most unreasonable thing, that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let [illegible] Such a shape! such an air! what a glance herself interr[illegible] chariot passed by mine!"—My lady [illegible] him; "Pray, who is this fine thing!"—"I warrant, [illegible] another, "'tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now."—"You were telling of?" says Jack; "I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you; for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms"——The whole room flew out——"Oh Mr. Triplett!"——When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld

——Then turning to the lady next to her——" The most unbred creature you ever saw!" Another pursued the discourse; " As unbred, madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but——" This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to recommend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

' Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world;

and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well wishers never to commend me, for it will but bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient humble servant,
T. MARY.'

N° 349. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1712.

——Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget, lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis——.

LUCAN. l. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.

ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris*, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows:—That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: that, while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced

* The reader hardly needs to be told, that the authenticity of the epistles of Phalaris has been suspected, and is suspicious: but if the letters are good, it is of little consequence who wrote them.

to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' saith he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit that he died in the same gaiety of temper, in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and

dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author above-mentioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. He maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to show at his table; and, upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man would be

phrensy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolutions in Portugal, written by the abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muli Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set the crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was, indeed, so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but, knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge: which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement,

but, finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secresy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture. L.

N° 350. FRIDAY, APRIL, 11, 1712.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.

TULL.

That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it wants justice, and fights for its own conveniency, is vicious.

Captain Sentry was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominick Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The

Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but, though they received him against his command, they treated him, when he was in the ship, in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin, while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage: and having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. 'A good and truly bold spirit,' continued he, 'is ever actuated by reason, and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in

a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable: while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmths, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

'He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desire of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.' The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had

read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. 'I love,' said Mr. Sentry, 'a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author,' added he, 'in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it; among the rest, that of piety. Turnus is, therefore, all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour: Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.' T.

N° 351. SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1712.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.

VIRG. Æn. xii. 59.

On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

If we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan war; and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge; though

there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story, as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable with relation to this history of Æneas, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this light, so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved his character in the person of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to those particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy which one of the harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book; namely, that before they had built their intended city they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of

the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above mentioned acquaints us, that a prophetess had foretold Æneas, he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, 'We are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it is an hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

'Heus etiam mensas consumimus! inquit Iulus.'

ÆN. vii. 116.

'See, we devour the plates on which we fed!'

DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole Æneid, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What further

confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of Æneas, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphosis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the Æneid in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable. I hope the length of this reflexion will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem is still shorter than either that of the Iliad or Æneid. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example. From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only in epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to

be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out the creature in which he designed to tempt out first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising:

> 'So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
> Like a black mist low creeping, he led on
> His midnight search, where soonest he might find
> The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
> In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
> His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles.'

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration:

'Now when a sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense; when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice.————'

The dispute which follows between our two first parents is represented with great art. It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat. It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shows itself here in many fine instances; as in those fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him:

'Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.'

In his impatience and amusement during her absence:

———— Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.'

But particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her, rather than to live without her:

'——————— Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!'

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude:

' ——————— Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.'

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

When Dido, in the fourth Æneid, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit:

' So saying, her rash hand in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost. ———————'

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

' ——————— He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.'

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathising in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth Iliad. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of Mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the lotus, the crocus, and the hyacinth; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve:

'For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.'
'So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick over head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them.——'

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer

more, or to have more resembled him in the greatness of genius, than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of its beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant. L.

N° 352. MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1712.

———*Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.* TULL.

If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.

Will Honeycomb was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist, or moralist, in any age. 'Men,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before.' If

you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes, that the young have taken-in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of king Charles's reign there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty. In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly, covered with artifice, puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity * has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is

* Ingenuity seems to be here used for ingenuousness.

better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of intanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them: whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and en-

couraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which constantly stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not

believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for

nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.'

T.

N° 353. TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1712.

In tenui labor———— VIRG. Georg. iv. 6.

Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter:

'SIR,

'I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts upon some particular tasks, which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue: I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views may be said to study for ornament; as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to

raise himself a fortune; the other, to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning. In order to which I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

'The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows *, and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight-score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

'I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost

* Swift, and Mr. Stratford a merchant. 'Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government 40,000*l.*; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.' Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 10. cr. 8vo.—Stratford was afterwards a bankrupt.

appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius: but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar-schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius: whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

'While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which, methinks, every master should teach scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men,

than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

'Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be as it were the fore-runners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

'History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter or a dancing-master.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the Grand Seignior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran,

to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession *.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to show in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.'

X.

N° 354. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1712.

——— *Cum magnis virtutibus affers*
Grande supercilium ———. JUV. Sat. vi. 168.

Their signal virtues hardly can be borne,
Dash'd as they are with supercilious scorn.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have in some of your discourses described most sort of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any

* The instance of czar Peter is still more recent, and more remarkable.

thing of a devotee. A devotee is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says, all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that fool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers?" We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dormouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure), it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor to see fellows run naked, or to hear country squires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach, and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she describes the diversion; for she went only to pray

heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
HOTSPUR.'

' MR. SPECTATOR,

' XENOPHON, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, "There was so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding-night." This virtue, which is always subjoined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

' Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would

bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners by the scornful look, the elevated eye-brow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The 'prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slily twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherly somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was in broad daylight with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future

to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
T. SOPHROSUNIUS.'

N° 355. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1712.

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam.
OVID. TRIST. ii. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen,
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a

man has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: 'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches *.'

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satyrical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I en-

* Epict. Ench. cap. 48 and 64, ed. Berk. 1670, 8vo.

deavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments* of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of

* There are abundant monuments of the same kind in North Britain, where they are called 'cairns.'

mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to show the reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must further add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public had it been filled with personal reflexions and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccalini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. 'This,' says the author, 'was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.'

L.

Nº 356. FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1712.

————Aptissima quæque dabunt dii.
Charior est illis homo quam sibi.——

JUV. Sat. x. 349.

——The gods will grant
What their unerring wisdom sees they want:
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half as well!

DRYDEN.

It is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflexions go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or any other being; upon stricter enquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a Leader, the contem-

plation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day*, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for a heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They could not raise their

* This paper was published on Good Friday, 1712.

little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves; he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributor's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, "Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto

thee:' for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit, as a saviour and deliverer, to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp, of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly: with an unfelt new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven. He did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to, all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor; and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but Peter with an ungrounded resolution, and

in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

'But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart moves with pity and with agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant infamy! Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature, is departing with her Creator.' T.

N° 357. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1712.

——Quis talia fando
Temperet à lachrymis?——

VIRG. Æn. ii. 6.

Who can relate such woes without a tear*?

THE tenth book of Paradise Lost has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shows with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons. The guardian angels of Paradise are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at

* The motto to this paper in the original publication in folio is the same with that which is now prefixed to No. 279.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

HOR. Ars Poet. 316.

To each character he gives what best befits.

the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines:

> ' Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste
> Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
> For man; for of his state by this they knew:
> Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
> Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
> From earth arriv'd at heav'n gate, displeas'd
> All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
> That time celestial visages; yet mixt
> With pity, violated not their bliss.
> About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
> Th' æthereal people ran, to hear and know
> How all befel. They tow'rds the throne supreme
> Accountable made haste, to make appear,
> With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
> And easily approv'd; when the Most High
> Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
> Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.'

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents, standing naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

'See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created;' &c,

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

'He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung. "Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
Who can extenuate thee?——"

Though the author, in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

'———Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse————'

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination: 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.' Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the

several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

> 'Some say he bid his angels turn ascance
> The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
> From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
> Oblique the centric globe——.'

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed, by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations; and, after having traversed the whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches in every incident which is admitted into this poem. The unexpected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth part of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is no where more shown, than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity.

I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart, he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence:

> 'Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
> To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
> From darkness to promote me? or here place
> In this delicious garden? As my will
> Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
> And equal to reduce me to my dust,
> Desirous to resign, and render back
> All I receiv'd——————'

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him:

> '——————Why delays
> His hand to execute what his decree
> Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
> Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthened out
> To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
> Mortality my sentence, and be earth
> Insensible! how glad would lay me down,

As in my mother's lap! There should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation——'

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shows in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader:

' ————Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply;"
Now death to hear!————
————In me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony,
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt?————'

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathising with him in his distress!

' Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night; not now (as ere man fell)
Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black air,
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom
Which to his evil conscience represented

All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold ground! and oft
Curs'd his creation; death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution——————'

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic:

'He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my breast
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees. Bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace," &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that, to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should endeavour to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As these sentiments

naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has, therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, or Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader, who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are just shown without being engaged in any series of action. Homer, indeed, represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his Iliad; but we

must consider, that though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner; and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompence, he tells us that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's ægis produced in battle, he tells us that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that, at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, 'Silence was pleased;' and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, 'Confusion heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain

that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking, that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the Pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right hand, Phrensy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath. The very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination. L.

N° 358. MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1712.

———*Desipere in loco.*

HOR. 4 Od. xii. l. ult.

'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.

FRANCIS.

Charles Lilly attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock *. A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lilly, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I have read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladdened their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious

* Engraved by Vertue in 1712. See an account of it in Gough's British Topography, vol. II. p. 88.

mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good humour, without capacity for such entertainments; for, if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over-rating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace! I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man, who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world knows they know better: to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they

have gone in a body and smoked a cobler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and hat into the same fire. Thus they have jested themselves stark-naked, and run into the streets and frighted women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent Garden, but can tell you an hundred good humours, where people have come off with a little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body, to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But, by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place, to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions would confine their actions to the place of meeting; for a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers, that it is never very grateful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place.

The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient pantomime, who is said to have given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt will be at Love for Love to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not, ever seen it before. T.

N° 359. TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1712.

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
VIRG. Ecl. ii. 63.

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.
WARTON.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, 'A foolish woman! I can't believe it.' Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However,' says Sir Roger, 'I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' said he, 'thou

hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman, and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain; though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.' Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, 'upon the verge of sixty,' (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threescore). 'You may easily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

'I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbad me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

'I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's-Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

'A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune

was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

'I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

'After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

'I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:

'———Oh! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last

This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He shall never find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.'

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over these verses again before he went to bed. X.

N° 360. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1712.

——De paupertate tacentes,
Plus poscente ferent.
HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 43.

The man who all his wants conceals,
Gains more than he who all his wants reveals.
DUNCOMBE.

I HAVE nothing to do with the business of this day, any further than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not un-

suitable; since, if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an evil under the sun, which has not yet come within your speculation, and is the censure, disesteem, and contempt, which some young fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars: but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called The Christian Hero, that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable, but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous; which makes it very excusable to prepare oneself for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

'It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflexions from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no further information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet, if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted,

implying, that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with his betters: for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. As to his dress, I shall engage myself no further than in the modest defence of two plain suits a year: for being perfectly satisfied in Eutrapelus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert the conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words "delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire," and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air

and attire hardly entitle him to it! for whom nevertheless the other has a particular esteem, though he is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might, with artificial management, save ten pounds a-year; as instead of fine holland he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about bank stock, and to show a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column, and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister); and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window; if indeed the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before

it, the finery is of necessity more extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burdensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which upon certain days we see them incumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well-dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics, from the university; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what Shakspeare calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man. T.

No 361. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1712.

Tartaream intendit vocem, qua protinus omnis
Contremuit domus————

VIRG. Æn. vii. 514.

The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around;
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

I HAVE lately received the following letter from a country gentleman:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE night before I left London I went to see a play called The Humorous Lieutenant. Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the playhouse. It appeared indeed a little odd to me, to see so many persons of quality, of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of cater-wawling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with you, I would rather hear an English fiddle: though I durst not show my dislike whilst I was in

the playhouse, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers.

I am, SIR,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN SHALLOW, ESQ.'

In compliance with Squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; 'and what,' says he, 'was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them?' He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is

lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me; namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain that the roasting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But, notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited at Drury-lane.

Having said thus much concerning the origin of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. ***. In short, a bad

poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music, has the following passage:

'I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.'

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes of the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humorous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in

tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak, to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call. L.

N° 362. FRIDAY, APRIL, 25, 1712.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus——
HOR. 1 Ep. xix. 6.

He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,
He lik'd his glass, on his own evidence.

'MR. SPECTATOR, Temple, April 24.

'SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude therefore to those citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind

to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Cully-Mully-Puff, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or, in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vended by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send him to one certain doctor in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the above-mentioned citizens who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen. How much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes! As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oath in that behalf. The chairman at the quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and present

such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley or man-slaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into Port O Port: but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he, the said vintner, did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a man through the arm whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is, or should be law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation, because it outran itself. There cannot be too great severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and Brooke and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
TOM POTTLE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long

confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoke * to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but, by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no further than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

'Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of the beauteous Belinda. Then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows I love her. She will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are not considerable enough

* The præterite for the participle.

to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of Belinda, as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he aught to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this piece among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner.

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T. WILL CYMON.

N° 363. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1712.

——Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
VIRG. Æn. ii. 368.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
DRYDEN.

MILTON has shown a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions which arise in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers on the very place where their judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence:

'——— They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him rev'rent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground. ———'

There * is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where Œdipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the

* This paragraph was not in the original paper in folio; it was added on the republication of the papers in volumes, when the eighteen numbers, of which Addison's critique on Paradise

palace battlements, (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ, 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God *.

' ——— To heaven their prayer
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne ———'

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel, speak-

Lost consists, seem to have been carefully revised by their author, and to have undergone various and considerable alterations in consequence of his revisal.

* Rev. viii. 3, 4.

ing of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about:

' ——— The cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
Spangled with eyes ——'

The assembling of all the angels of heaven, to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him:

' —— Yet lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soft'ned, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.'

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad, after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each of them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the

imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear with all its lustre and magnificence:

'————Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition——'

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in the familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:

'————Th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial; but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:
His starry hem, unbuckled, show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low. He kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.'

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish:

'Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names!
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee
How shall I part? and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this, obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?'

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

'This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd;
So many grateful altars I would rear

Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monuments to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.'

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is, in many particulars, greater than that of the Iliad, or Æneid. Virgil's hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole Æneid, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. The curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man is touched with great beauty:

'But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold!
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!'

The second vision sets before him the image of death, in a great variety of appearances. The angel,

to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper!

> 'Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
> Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
> And over them triumphant Death his dart
> Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
> With vows, as their chief good and final hope.'

The passion which likewise rises in Adam on this occasion is very natural:

> 'Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
> Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
> Tho' not of woman born; compassion quell'd
> His best of man, and gave him up to tears.'

The discourse between the angel and Adam which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

> 'For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
> Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,
> Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
> Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise;

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye:
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair atheists——————'

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech,

' ——————O what are these!
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?'

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming this great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in such a light

as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

'*Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant;*
Nil nisi pontus erat; deerant quoque littora ponto.'
OVID. Metam. i. 291.

'Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.'
DRYDEN.

'———Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore———'
MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet,

'———————And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled———'

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calfs lay in those places where the goats were used to browse! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

'———Then shall this mount
Of Paradise, by might of waves, be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to th' opening gulf,

And there take root; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs and sea-mews' clang.'

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:

'How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow, a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children all in view destroy'd at once.'

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of Paradise Lost, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must further add, that, had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect. L.

N° 364. MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1712.

——Nœvibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.

HOR. 1 Ep. xi. 29.

Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.

FRANCIS.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband, has entrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education, with others of his age, would be to cramp his facul-

ties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with his woman, in order to make some preparation for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to 'travel.' The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly, I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and law, and, under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a year and a little victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them, whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make people understand, that 'travel' is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short

of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities, and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every little spot of ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples.

if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they do not yet understand their language with any exactness *.

'But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shown a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution of the body, yet it is apt to cause such dizziness in young empty heads as too often lasts their life-time.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
PHILIP HOMEBRED.'

* The following paragraph, in the first edition of this paper in folio, whether written originally by the Earl of Hardwicke, or inserted afterwards by Sir R. Steele, was probably suppressed on the first re-publication, at the request of Addison. It is reprinted here from the Spect. in folio, No. 364.

'I cannot quit this head without paying my acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining pieces this age has produced, for the pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess that the book I have in my head is Mr. Addison's Remarks upon Italy. That ingenious gentleman has with so much art and judgment applied his exact knowledge of all the parts of classical learning, to illustrate the several occurrences of his travels, that his work alone is a pregnant proof of what I have said. Nobody that has a taste this way, can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Horace and Silius Italicus his chart, but he must feel some uneasiness in himself to reflect that he was not in his retinue. I am sure I wished it ten times in every page, and that not without a secret vanity to think in what state I should have travelled the Appian road, with Horace for a guide, and in company with a countryman of my own, who, of all men living, knows best how to follow his steps.'

'SIR, Birchin-lane.

'I WAS married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds (methinks) are very improper in a marriage-concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate, that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

Your most humble
and most obedient servant,

ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them that I have a very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at The Amorous Widow, or The Wanton Wife, which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not sea-

soned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions.

I am, SIR,
Your frequent reader,
T. ALTAMIRA.'

N° 365. TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1712.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus———
VIRG. Georg. iii. 272.

But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

ADAPTED.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.
THOMSON's Spring, 160, &c.

THE author of the Menagiana acquaints us, that discoursing one day with several ladies of quality about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth, and all its inhabitants, the marchioness of S———, who was one of the company, told him, that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May. As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the above-mentioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose, and set a-rambling; or, that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind, and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country-parish dancing round a May-pole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relique of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and, like the virgin Tarpeia*, oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

* T. Livii Hist. Dec. I. lib. i. cap. xi.

' For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
The sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.'

Accordingly, among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs, flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers, from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May; and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for the better avoiding those calentures which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow; and shall further observe to them, that Proserpine was out a maying when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes when he mentions—

' ———That fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd——'

Since I am going into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the snake in the grass.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give in their almanacks for this month; such as are 'a spare and simple diet, with a moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear country-women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty-days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouse, I would recommend tragedy to them rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-show much safer for them than the opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for

that abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December. X.

N° 366. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1712.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aura,
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

HOR. 1. Od. xxii. 17.

Set me whereon some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the sun
So near the scorching country run;
The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles;
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,
And dare all heat, but that of Celia's eyes.

ROSCOMMON.

THERE are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrensy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish

the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but showing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as wit and turn is passion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country *. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them. But a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species—this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend

* This Lapland love-song is ascribed to Mr. Ambrose Phillips.

to no greater praise from my translation, than they who smooth and clean the furs of that country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as loose and unequal as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover. But I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Laponian language.

'It will be necessary to imagine that the author of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in her fields.

"Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best:
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
Away to Orra! haste away!"

'MR. SPECTATOR, April the 10th.

'I AM one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person; and indeed she is very seldom out of humour for a woman of her quality. But here lies my complaint, Sir. To bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither want nor wear them, and some to hangers-on, that frequent the house daily, who come dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and love to appear what I am; and causes an uneasiness, so that I cannot serve with that cheerfulness as formerly; which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable. All this I see without envying, but not without

wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoken to my mistress, but to little purpose: I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret myself to nothing), but that she answers with silence. I beg, Sir, your direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel; who am

Your admirer
and humble servant,

CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

'I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.'

T.

N° 367. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1712.

——*Perituræ parcite chartæ.*

JUV. Sat. i. 18.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having al-

ready several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collection of them which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates, by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in Post-men, Post-boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, and children, contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty

readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper, after it is thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelvemonth past. My landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spices in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the several hands above mentioned. The finest pieces of holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than the first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beaux may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or a napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments as well as republics have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that ever was invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this useful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expence, upon

which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one, or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries * has already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes.

* A most beautiful edition of Cæsar's Memoirs, published about this time in folio, by Dr. Samuel Clarke.

When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance. L.

N° 368. FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1712.

Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ vario reputantes mala:
At qui labores morte finisset graves,
Omnes amicos laude et lætitiâ exequi.

EURIP. apud TULL.

When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief should welcome him to care:
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

As the Spectator is in a kind of paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter, written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

'SIR, Paris, April 18, 1712.

'IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters

of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady. Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said, she knew M. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and, smiling also, proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the

patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days' time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition; and, after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout the whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to M. Festeau, which was as follows:

"Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident: but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage: I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature."

'While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life. Madame de Villacerse lived till eight of the clock the next night; and though she must have laboured under the most

exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe, than she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

I am, SIR,
Your affectionate kinsman,
and most obedient, humble servant,
PAUL REGNAUD.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article; nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life. T.

N° 369. SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1712.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus——

HOR. Ars Poet. 180.

What we hear moves less than what we see.

ROSCOMMON.

MILTON, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in some places the author has been so attentive to his divinity that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows is raised upon noble hints in Scripture:

'——— Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart; and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice,
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them let pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided ———'

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel: 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.' Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same description, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses:

'All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys:
On their embattell'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war ———'

As the principal design of this episode was to give Adam an idea of the holy person who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the land of promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration:

'I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil,
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)'

As Virgil's vision in the sixth Æneid probably gave Milton the hint of this whole episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter:

'*Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.*'

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which arises in Adam upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport:

'O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,' &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here therefore that the poet has shown a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method

to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction:

> ' Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
> For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
> Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
> Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
> Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
> In me is no delay: with thee to go,
> Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
> Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
> Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
> Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence,
> This farther consolation yet secure
> I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
> Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
> By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.'

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus in the Æthiopics acquaints us, that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise:

> 'So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
> Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
> Th' archangel stood; and from the other hill
> To their fix'd station, all in bright array
> The cherubim descended; on the ground
> Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
> Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
> And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
> Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
> The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
> Fierce as a comet————'

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel who in holy writ has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion:

> 'In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
> Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
> Led them direct; and down the cliff as fast
> To the subjected plain; then disappear'd,
> They looking back,' &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised with, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion:

> 'They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
> Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,

Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow:

'They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration:

'The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

The number of books in Paradise Lost is equal to those of the Æneid. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Bossu, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in Paradise Lost. Though I can by no means think, with the last-mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation

of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it, I am however of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is in short this, that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which make this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the Odyssey, the Iliad, and Æneid, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find, that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads—the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language, and made each of them the subject of a

particular paper. I have in the next place spoke of the censures which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of Paradise Lost, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties; and, to determine wherein they consist, I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raises his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our author has imitated: but, as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than to the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularise those innumerable kinds of beauty which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging

in this design, that it would have led me to so great length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgment I have a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them. L.

No 370. MONDAY, MAY 5, 1712.

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

——All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
SHAKSPEARE.

Many of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them: however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies, that 'The whole world acts the player.' It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice; the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The

divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage. It is with me a matter of the highest consideration, what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the character of men and women; so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors of the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilks for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in Macbeth, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in Harry the Fourth, the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature and wealth in The Trip to the Jubilee, the officiousness of an artful servant in the Fox; when thus I celebrate Wilks, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might I not say Eastcourt has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others who bear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise

a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, If Lord Foppington was not on the stage (Cibber acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might for ever be put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget. Johnson, by acting Corbacchio the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in the Fop's Fortune; where, in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger. He wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his victuals. If it be as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification of the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time—as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully,

for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and well-acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection and passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind.

T.

№ 371. TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1712.

Jamne igitur laudas quod de sapientibus unus
Ridebat ?

JUV. Sat. x. 28.

And shall the sage* your approbation win,
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin ?

I SHALL communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'SIR,

'You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called "whims" and "humourists," than any other country in the world: for which reason it is observed, that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

'Among those innumerable sets of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves and their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself understood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate†, thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest. As he was one year at the Bath, ob-

* Democritus.

† Villars, the last Duke of Buckingham, and father of the late Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

serving that, in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.'

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and gave into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

'The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances, that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

'The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never

fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that, upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a challenge in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another; and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as "D'ye hear me?—D'ye see?—That is,—And so, Sir." Each of his guests making use of his particular elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one, talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite

expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention above mentioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his hours since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. "What a tax," says he, "would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another!" Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part; upon which he told them, that, knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and, for the humour-sake would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently—I mean, that dull generation of story-tellers. My

friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day one of them sitting down entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I am, Sir, &c.'

I.

N° 372. WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1712.

———*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
OVID. Met. i. 758.

To hear an open slander, is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse*.
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR, May 6, 1712.

'I AM sexton of the parish of Covent-garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling into prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. Powell and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I am convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. Powell and company, and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor charity-children of this parish. I have been informed, Sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood: by this means they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman-catholic countries, the persons of condition administer to the necessities of the poor, and attends the beds

* In the original publication in folio, the motto is wanting.

of lazars and diseased persons. Our protestant ladies and gentlemen are so much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would intreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children: a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies who haunt the cloysters and passages of the play-house were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity. This method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish, for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
RALPH BELLFRY.

'I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath, are false and groundless.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'MY employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the

Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people, with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-bands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore have them, without raillery, advised to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
HUMPHRY TRANSFER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, May 6th.

'I was last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves "the lawyers' club." You must know, Sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met

with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their clerk Will Goosequill (who registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go the next day with it to a counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there, to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him says he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted, upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest good-natured fellow, that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

I am, with respect,

Your humble servant,

T. H. R.'

N° 373. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.
JUV. Sat. xiv. 10

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so unconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should be constantly used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of; since, upon the fore mentioned ground, he does not scruple to say that he thinks 'morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a modest

man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it 'the reflexion of an ingenious* mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.'

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of

* *Ingenious* seems to be here used for *ingenuous*.

modesty and ingenuity * than they could have been by the most pathetic oration, and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take 'assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.' That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misrepresented, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance and malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world: without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus

* *Ingenuity* seems here to be used in the sense of *ingenuousness*.

mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say 'a modest assurance;' by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education, who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both. X.

N° 374. FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1712.

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.
LUCAN ii. 57.

He reckon'd not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.
ROWE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination. As we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately, so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any farther than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit, to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be, to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflexions so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praise-worthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antede-

luvians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day—to-day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither——Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will, in the effects upon his reputation, be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people: those before him intercept his progress; and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said that he thought nothing done while there was left any thing for him to do, went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he had passed through; but it was rather to

keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review, in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes of his own conduct. It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me: I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinius is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune: let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflexion, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general, who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of ho-

nour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflexions when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream, the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how, I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Cæsar has not yet died! Cæsar is prepared to die.'

T.

N° 375. SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1712.

Non possidentem multa, vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.

HOR. 4 Od. ix. 45.

We barbarously call them blest
Who are of largest tenements possest,
While swelling coffers break their owners' rest.
More truly happy those who can
Govern that little empire man;
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n;
Who, in a fix'd, unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear.

STEPNEY.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circum-

stances, than solicit his friends in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprized her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty; when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but, from a loose education, had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in

tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak, but, rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

'SIR,

'I HAVE heard of your misfortunes, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage; but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.'

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother. She opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but, desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

'DEAREST CHILD,

'YOUR father and I have just received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous

man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their wants by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you perhaps have been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

'I have been interrupted; I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by the noise of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which has long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No; it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child!

Thy affectionate mother,

——.'

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to

deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she would read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and, when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

'MADAM,

'I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

——.'

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

N° 376. MONDAY, MAY 12, 1712.

——*Pavone ex Pythagoreo.*

PERS. Sat. vi. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs, has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of very many strange occurrences in the public streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner

of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must sure have heard speak of an old man who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, 'Half an hour after one o'clock!' and immediately a dirty goose behind made her response, 'Quack, quack.' I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the history; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader; for it seems the peripatetic who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose of herself, by frequent hearing this tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your specula-

tion may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such as, like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how, in all ages and times, the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures with their eyes open through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

MICHAEL GANDER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies, which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting in the air of my ladies, different from what I have observed in those who are esteemed your fine-bred women. Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve for the future to give my young ladies that accomplishment. But upon imparting

my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the train-bands, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. Trott for the prettiest master in town; that no man teaches a jig like him; that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable; and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town; besides, there is Madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box; teaches to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces; for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But, I must confess, the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars, in their very features and limbs, bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
T. RACHAEL WATCHFUL.'

N° 377. TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1712.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

HOR. 2. Od. xiii. 13.

What each should fly, is seldom known;
We unprovided, are undone.

CREECH.

Love was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest—I mean that of 'dying for love.'

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires, and damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair-sex as basilisks, that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has, with great justness of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought that there is no way so effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as

a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thrysis shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will Simple, smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the play-house in Drury-lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora, as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gapley, esq. hit by a random-shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the 1st.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front-box in Drury-lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, bart. hurt by the brush of a whale-bone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a blush from the queen's box in the third act of the Trip to the Jubilee.

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walks to Islington, by Mrs. Susanna Cross-stich, as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F., T. W., S. I., M. P., &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtley, presenting Flavia with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose), she received it, and took away his life with a curtsy.

John Gosselin, having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape, was dispatched by a smile.

Strephon killed by Clarinda as she looked down into the pit.

Charles Careless shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseacre, gent. drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the 6th instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice. I.

N° 378. WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1712.

Aggredere, O magnos! aderit jam tempus honores.
VIRG. Ecl. iv. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move.
DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine* in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

MESSIAH:

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

Composed of several Passages of Isaiah the Prophet:

Written in Imitation of Virgil's Pollio.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,

* Pope. See No. 534.

Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard began,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise, Isa. xi. 4.
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour, xlv. 8.
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, xxv. 4.
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale; ix. 7.
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born! xxxv. 2.
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers; xl. 3, 4.
Prepare thy way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold! xlii. 18.
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray, xxxv. 5, 6.
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear, xxv. 8.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound. xl. 11.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lamb he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,
Isa. ix. 6. The promis'd father of the future age.
ii. 4. No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
lxv. 21, 22. Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what the short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
xxxv. 1. 7. The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
xli. 19, and lv. 13. Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
xi. 6, 7, 8. The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake—
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue and pointless sting shall play.
lx. 1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
lx. 4. See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend, Isa. lx. 3.
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs! lx. 6.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, lx.
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee with a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn, lx. 19, 20.
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn, li. 6.
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, li. 6. and
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; liv. 10.
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

T.

N° 379. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1712.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
PERS. Sat. i. 27.

——— Science is not science till reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that 'A man's knowledge is worth nothing if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its

own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflexion. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put in the dress of words; without which, indeed, we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves. When they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shows us whether they are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself, that, in the course of these my speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received several letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted Learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet. I am charged by another with laying open the arcana or secrets of prudence to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shown itself in all ages: there is still extant an epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those se-

crets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Louisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discreto, wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the above-mentioned authors by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their style and manner of writing, that, though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which, however, Mr. Cowley is so offended, that, writing to one of his friends, 'You,' says he, 'tell me, that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself by the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides; which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rosicrusius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the author of the Rosicrusian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind*.

'A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt up-right, and, upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the trun-

* See Comte de Cabalis, par l'Abbe Villars. 1742. 2 vols. in 12mo.; and Pope's Works, ed. of Warb. vol. i. p. 109 12mo. 1770. 6 vols.

cheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue, with a furious blow, broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

'Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.'

Rosicrusius, say his disciples, made use of this method, to show the world that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery. X.

N° 380. FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1712.

Rivalem patienter habe.——— OVID Ars Am. ii. 538.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

'SIR, Thursday, May 8, 1712.

'THE character you have in the world of being the ladies' philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, make me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion of what in this age a woman may call a lover. I have lately had a gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me,

insomuch that most of my friends took notice of it, and thought we were really married. I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance, who was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, she gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingenuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now, whether a new face had made a greater conquest than the old I will leave you to judge. I am informed that he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed a sincere friendship for me; but, whether marriages are proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a lover? There are so many who talk in a language fit only for that character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distinguish between courtship and conversation. I hope you will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend, if they provoke me further. In the mean time I carry it with so equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the swain too are mightily at a loss; each believes I, who know them both well, think myself revenged in their love to one another, which creates an irreconcileable jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear further from, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

MIRTILLA."

'MR. SPECTATOR, April 28, 1712.

'YOUR observations on persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at church, I doubt not have had a good effect on some that have read

them; but there is another fault which has hitherto escaped your notice, I mean of such persons as are there very zealous and punctual to perform an ejaculation that is only preparatory to the service of the church, and yet neglect to join in the service itself. There is an instance of this in a friend of Will Honeycomb's, who sits opposite to me. He seldom comes in till the prayers are about half over; and when he has entered his seat (instead of joining with the congregation) he devoutly holds his hat before his face for three or four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch of snuff (if it be the evening service perhaps takes a nap) and spends the remaining time in surveying the congregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire is, that you would animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap in hand, is only a compliance to the custom of the place, and goes no farther than a little ecclesiastical good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

J. S.*

'MR. SPECTATOR, May the 5th.

'THE conversation at a club of which I am a member last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday, by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and the best furnished

* Perhaps the initials of Swift's name, in whose works there is a sermon on sleeping at church.

milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquette in low life, and how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the features of a first-rate toast at a play or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

Your most humble servant,
T. B.'

'SIR, May 12, 1712.

'COMING last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange, with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a curtsy, and went my way. He followed me, and, finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. "Did you so, Sir?" says I; you gave it me then to make me wicked; I will keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I will lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake." I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but to save me the trouble

of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg the favour of you to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

Your humble servant,

BETTY LEMON.'

'SIR, St. Bride's, May 15, 1712.

''Tis a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfactory to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that the gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride's have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world; and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's Spectator for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride's. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expense.

I am, SIR

Your very humble servant,

T. THE SEXTON.

END OF VOL. XI.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*,
Dean Street, Fetter Lane, London.

DATE DUE

JUL 7 1983
STORAGE

3 5132 00341 7904
University of the Pacific Library

The British essayists
Spectator

PR
1365
B86
vol.1

77611